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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH COURAGE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington

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Choir Poetry.

MAN.

The human mind—its lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits, a scepter'd king,
And breathes his judgment down,
Oh! who with silent steps shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That ivory and murel band
That tie the thing—the human mind!

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tower and the turret;
The jealous, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous throng—the d-d-solace,
The seat of love, the lair of hate—
Self-torture, self-delusion!
Yet who blesses these when art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that starting thing!
Mysterious and sublime;
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the softness of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth-enveloped, the d-d-crown'd,
The stricken in its prison!
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That starting thing—the human soul!

And this man—Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
While'er his vision, dream and dim,
The weeks of time are driven;
If pride or passion in his power,
Can charm the tide or cheat the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven!
He looks the law, he looks the law—
"Creator, Father! none but Thee!"

THERE'S GOOD IN EVERY HEART.

Wouldst thou see the crime (dread wanderer back
From Vice's dark and hideous track
Let not a frown thy brow descend;
Nod add but firmness to the stern.

Dead kindly, in that bosom dark,
Still lingers Virtue's glimmering spark.
Plead with him—'tis the mother part—
There's something good in every heart!

Bring to him the early time
Ere sin has stained his soul with crime;
When fond affection blessed his hours
And strewed his path with flowers;
When sorrow's feet and bareless knee
Bespoke a spirit pure and free.

Plead with him—'tis the mother part—
There's something good in every heart!
There was a time that dawned but
Close to a mother's yearning breast—
A time his eye the precepts taught
A kind and virtuous father taught.

It matters not what treacherous ray
Faint light his steps from Virtue's way—
Enough to know that yet may'st save
That soul from sin's engulfing wave.
Plead with him—'tis the mother part—
There's something good in every heart!

There's something good in every heart!

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I pitied you and gave you food. You wept
Tears of gratitude to her who appeared in
your eyes only an Indian girl, and then I
remembered that I was one of your own
pale-faced kindred, and loved you with a
sister's love. But now that you are about
to pass away to the Spirit Land, my heart
tells me that I shall love you with brotherly
and sisterly affection. Farewell!

When you have entered the pleasant groves
in the dominions of the Great Spirit, will
you not shed a tear for her who is compelled
to remain a little longer behind?

Sanders raised his head in sudden astonishment. Could it be possible that good angel
who had come thus to bid a last farewell,
was indeed one of his own race? It was even so.
But there was no time for explanation then. He spoke a few words to
her in an undertone; and then, taking
from around his neck a small medal he told
her it was all he had, and asked her to keep
it in remembrance of him whose last prayer
should be for her happiness.

But the scene had already lasted too long
for blood-thirsty Black Bird and his followers,
and the White Fawn was hurried away,
while the squaws and children began to
pile the logs around the prisoner. And
he had already been put to the pile when
the White Fawn rushed into the presence
of her father, holding the keep-sake
which Sanders had given her before his
eyes. Astonished at the eagerness of the
girl, Black Bird took the medal from her
hand and quickly examined it by the fire-
light. A moment was sufficient. He
threw down the blanket which had been a
round his shoulders, and presenting his
bare breast to the prisoner, exclaimed:

"Brother!"

Sanders saw at a glance that a large Ma-
sonic Square and Compass had been tattooed
upon his breast, and confidentially ex-
tending his arm replied:

"My brother?"

In another instant the hot-temper of Black
Bird had several times whirled which bound
the prisoner to the tree, and the savage em-
braced his brother the man whom a little
before he had condemned to a terrible death.

During their first momentary embrace
they whispered into each other's ears, as if
to make assurance more sure, and then both
retired to the Indian's wigwam, amid the
astonishment of the squaws who had wit-
nessed this mystery, which however was
easily explained. Black Bird, who had
been made a Freemason at Montreal, many
years before, and who had tattooed the em-
blematic square and compass upon his
breast, had, in answer to the White Fawn's
inquiries as to its meaning, told her that
all who were that mark were brothers.

And when Sanders gave her as the only
keep-sake which he possessed, his Masonic
mark—she saw the emblem upon one of
his sides, and flew to her father with the
glad discovery she had made. The result
has already been told.

Black Bird told Sanders to his temporary
wigwam on the banks of the Chicago, where
he was supplied with all that Indian luxury
could furnish in the way of food and re-
freshments. The pipe of peace and brother-
hood was smoked; and a bed of buffalo
skins was offered by Black Bird to him
who had suddenly been changed from his
prisoner to his guest. But his heart was
too full for sleep. It was throbbing with
gratitude and affection to the generous girl
who had now twice thrust herself between
him and a horrible death. And he inwardly
resolved to reclaim her from the savage
life with whom she was adopted, and if pos-
sible, learn her history and restore her to
her friends.

When he questioned Black Bird on the
subject of her origin, all that the chief was
able to tell him, was that ten years before
he had purchased her from a band of Ottawa
warriors, who had brought her from beyond the
lake; and that from affection to the beau-
tiful child, then about five years old, he had
adopted her, with all the public ceremonies
of such an occasion among his tribe, as his
own daughter. She was then unable to
speak any English except a few detached
words, such as *father*, *mother*, and other
household terms, and especially the word
love, which the Black Bird had always
thought from the manner in which she used
it, had been her own name. In accordance
with Indian usage her name had been changed
to one suggested by her fair and beautiful
skin, the *White Fawn*. The girl was a
favorite with the tribes, wherever known,
for her gentleness and generosity; and it had
already been asked in marriage by Rattle-
snake, a young warrior of much distinction.

Not until he had learned the last fact did
James Sanders know what was passing in
his own heart. But when the old chief had
told him that another man than himself
had asked in marriage, the fair being who
had so deep a hold upon his feelings, he
started mechanically to his feet as if beset
with some sudden danger. After a mo-
ment's reflection, he appealed to Black Bird
to know if indeed he promised to give the
White Fawn to a coward? Aiding that
Rattlesnake was well known to have mur-
dered a prisoner, after promising him pro-
tection; which none but a coward would do.

Black Bird did not reply to his question,
but in a calm tone asked:

"Will my brother be the White Fawn?"

Then shall he become my son, and be-
ing, he listened in breathless silence to
every word that passed between them.

When the girl approached him, Sanders
was silently endeavoring to prepare his
thoughts for a final leave of the world and
its tribulations. The White Fawn paused
a moment, and then addressed him as fol-
lows:

"When you were brought to my father's
wigwam, a prisoner, wet, tired and hungry,

During the next, and for several succeed-
ing days, Sanders took occasion to visit the
White Fawn, and to explain to her his feel-
ings, and his plans for the future. The
girl was able to speak English with consid-
erable fluency, her father, who spoke it
well, having taken pains to give her every
opportunity to learn that which he knew
was her native tongue, and with the quick-
ening influence of a warm and generous
love to aid their utterance they found no
difficulty in making themselves understood.

It was finally arranged that, with the
consent of her father, the White Fawn
should be affianced to Sanders with the
usual forms and ceremonies of Indian cus-
tom; and she was then to accompany him
to Montreal, enter the convent school un-
der his protection, from which, after she
had learned the manners and customs of her
own race, he was to claim her in marriage.
But when this scheme was explained to the
old chief, a tear actually stole in his eye, as
he replied:

"Then will Black Bird be alone in the
world; and instead of having found a brother,
he will have lost a daughter!"

After a little while he added:

"But go! I give to you, my brother, the
right of my wigwam—henceforth all will
be dark to me."

The girl threw her arms around the neck
of the old chief, and sobbed aloud. But
when the first burst of feeling was over she
reminded him that the Rattlesnake, who
had demanded her hand, lived away beyond
the Mississippi; and that if she became his
wife, he would carry her off, to come back
no more. But if she went with Sanders,
who was of her own blood and kindred, she
would remember her father, the great chief,
and his husband would send him an an-
nual present to comfort him in his old age.

The chief had already said in his own mind
that it should be so, and having decided, he
replied to her immediately:

"Let my people be gathered to-morrow
to the sun-god's house," said he, "that they
may witness the betrothal of the White
Fawn." And then, turning to Sanders, he
said in an undertone: "May the Great
Spirit grant that the Rattlesnake may not
return till you have carried your bride be-
hind the lake!"

But the Rattlesnake had already returned.
He soon heard of the approaching cere-
monies, and he sent forth an old squaw
privately to tell the White Fawn that the
brave would be her bridegroom if she mar-
ried the pale face. The girl immediately told
her father of the Rattlesnake's return, and
of his threatening message. But the old
chief was too wary a warrior to put the life
of his daughter in jeopardy. So he privately
called together a few confidential friends,
and in his own wigwam gave away his daugh-
ter to her future husband, while it was still
night; he then went with them to the lake
shore and placed them in his fastest canoe,
and under the guidance of a brave warrior
started them for the opposite shore, while
he returned and kept up the preparations
for the betrothal.

All went well during the day, and hun-
dreds had gathered to witness, at sundown,
the giving away of the White Fawn.

Just as the last golden ray of sunset shot
above the horizon, the chief who acted as
master of ceremonies, proclaimed aloud:

"Bring forth the bride!"

But the bride was now more than half
way over the lake, seeking the land of her
fathers.

"Bring forth the bride!" repeated the
chief. But as no bride came, a suspicion
of the truth crossed the mind of Rattlesnake,
who was present; and he immediately rose
with eyes flashing with rage, and announced
his belief that the bride was already gone.
He then, in a voice hoarse with passion,
told the multitude that the White Fawn
should never rest in the white man's wig-
wam; and that his eye should know no
shelter till he had sought her out, and pun-
ished the insult which she had offered him
in betraying his love and making him a by-
word among the people. The Indians dis-
persed to their quarters; and the jealous
Rattlesnake prepared to seek the object of
his vengeance.

In the meantime, the party in the canoe,
under the skillful pilotage of Wabawano,
succeeded in reaching St. Joseph without
accident. At St. Joseph they found Mr.
Kinzie, the Indian trader, who, with his fam-
ily and assistants, had escaped the massa-
cre of the fort, and been brought by the
friendly Indians to this place. From St.
Joseph, Sanders and his affianced bride ac-
companied Mr. Kinzie and his family to
Detroit, under the escort of a well-known
friendly chief, named Coudanoni.

At Detroit, Sanders found acquaintances
who knew him to be a British subject, and
he soon found means to reach his home,
near Montreal, with his fair companion.
Mr. Kinzie, at Detroit, was given up as a
prisoner of war, from whence he and his fam-
ily were exchanged in a short time, and
transferred to the American lines. And a
large portion of the American prisoners who
remained behind at the mouth of the Chi-
cago, or were dispersed among the tribes,
ransomed during the spring.

On reaching Montreal, Sanders immedi-
ately placed his charge in the care of the
Sisters of Charity, and under their kind-
ness and instruction she made rapid pro-
gress in acquiring an education and a fam-
ilarity with the customs of civilized life.

So far, no clue had yet been obtained to
her parentage or early history. She knew
that she had been some time in the posses-
sion of the Indians before she was purchas-
ed by Black Bird; and she was quite con-
fident that her name had been JUNE. But
this was all she could remember, except
that the little gold rings in her ears had

not been put there by the Indians, but had
been, in her words, "always there."

When she had been about three years
under the care of the Sisters of Charity, a
lady of Montreal, who had lost a child fif-
teen years before, heard her story, and more
sympathily with the girl than from any
hope that this might prove her lost darling,
she begged the Sisters to let her be present
as a birthday party which she was about to
give to another daughter, who had been a
sister of the one stolen by the Indians.

The White Fawn had never seen so bril-
liant an assemblage as she met at the house
of Mrs. Torrence. But she was enabled to
adapt herself to the society which she met
with perfect ease; and the native modesty
which she met her new acquaintances
only heightened the expression of a com-
placency which was always beautiful. She
was presented to the young lady in whose
honor the little festival was given, and who
had introduced to her as Miss May Tor-
rence. As the two young ladies approached
each other, the mother of Miss May,
who was standing near, was observed to
turn pale and tremble. She had observed
the marked resemblance between the two
girls, which had already been noticed by
others, and the thought rushed like light-
ning through the mother's heart, "this is
my long lost daughter!"

Restraining her feelings as much as possible, she approached
her fair guest, and looked closely for a mo-
ment at the little gold rings in her ears.
Then with a scream of joy she clasped in her
arms her long lost child.

Upon those little rings was engraved the
word "June," and another similar pair of
rings were inscribed with the name of the
wearer, "May." They were indeed twin
sisters, born within a few hours of each
other—but one in May, at midnight, the
other in June, and while they were yet in-
fants, this plan had been adopted to distin-
guish the little twins.

Happy, indeed, was that birthday fete
to the enraptured mother. She wept tears
of joy, and when the hour came for the
desserts to retire, the good Sister of Charity,
who had accompanied her charge to the
house of Mrs. Torrence, gladly returned
without her.

Sanders, who was living but a short dis-
tance from the city, soon learned what had
occurred, and he hastened to pay his respects
to the mother of his affianced bride. He
was received with every kindness, as the
restorer of her long lost child; and at his
earnest solicitation, preparations were made
to celebrate his marriage with her daugh-
ter. It was arranged that the wedding
should take place in a little chapel belong-
ing to the Sisters of Charity, which was situ-
ated at the edge of a beautiful grove in the
environs of the city. The 7th of August,
the anniversary of Sanders' rescue by the
White Fawn, was the wedding day, when
he was to receive back the talismanic mark,
and that which he was happy to admit of
infinitely more value—his fair possessor.

But an event occurred a few days after-
wards, which filled the heart of the gentle
girl with consternation. Sanders and she
had been walking with some young friends
in a little grove not far from the residence
of Mrs. Torrence, for the purpose of enjoy-
ing its pleasant shade, when they were met
by a man dressed as a wood-cutter, but
whose complexion betrayed that he was of
another race. As he passed the little party,
he never for a moment took his scruti-
nizing glance from Miss June Torrence,
but gazed as if he was marking her person
for future recognition. Sanders felt his
companion tremble as she hung upon his
arm. He looked into her face and saw it
was deadly pale.

"Come," said she, "let us hasten away—
That man—I know him but too well, in
spite of his disguise. That man is Rattle-
snake!"

The little party soon reached their homes
in safety, and the Indian was seen no more.
When Sanders inquired in relation to
him next day, as one had seen him, and he
could learn nothing of him. But his heart
sunk when he remembered the Indian's
terrible threat at the Chicago, and he felt
that there was little hope that the wild de-
mon, who had hunted them for more than
three years, would now give up his prey.

It was determined, on consultation with
Mrs. Torrence, that the wedding should
take place immediately, and that the whole
family should embark for England in a ves-
sel which was then ready to sail. On the
very next day, therefore, the party proce-
ded without any display to the little chapel
of the Sisters of Charity. It was a proud
and happy day for Mrs. Torrence, and as
she looked upon the happy faces of the fair
twins, May and June, she inwardly re-
turned thanks to that protecting Power which
had restored them to each other, and who
throughout their long separation, had pre-
served that wonderful resemblance between
them which was now more striking than ever.

Like the flowery months from which
they were born, they differed only in in-
tensity of beauty—and the calm soft beau-
ty of May was heightened by the more ar-
dent sunshine of June.

When they reached the little chapel, the
good Sisters were already there, and Father
Rodolph was waiting to pronounce the
nuptial benediction. The shades of evening
were gathering round, and the dark shad-
ows fell upon the open windows of the
chapel, from the adjoining forests.

When the fit was over, and the good
priest had pronounced his blessing, the lit-
tle party hastened to return to the residence
of Mrs. Torrence. As they passed from
the chapel door, Miss May was a few steps
in advance of the rest of the party; when
suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was
heard in the wood behind the chapel, and
the unsuspecting girl fell lifeless upon the

portal. The terror and confusion which
followed cannot be described.

In an instant after the fall of the murder-
ed girl, Sanders had bounded into the
wood and disappeared; and for several
hours after the return of the mourning fam-
ily to their now desolate home, his fair
bride trembled with apprehension for his
safety. She knew but too well that he had
gone in pursuit of the murderer, and that
the assassin could be no other than Rattle-
snake, and the generous girl was in agony
to think that her unoffending sister had
reaped vengeance designed for herself.

About midnight Sanders returned, weary
and covered with blood. He had suc-
ceeded in wounding the flying savage with a
pistol ball, and after a severe struggle threw
him to the ground, and detained him till
assistance came. It was indeed Rattle-
snake, and he was now in prison.

The death of May and the imprisonment
of the Indian, upon whom trial they had to
appear as witnesses, detained the whole party
at home, and the voyage to England was
abandoned. Rattlesnake was condemned
to death, but although fully aware of his
sentence, he seemed perfectly reckless of his
approaching end. Indeed, he seemed
rather to welcome death, as if he now had
no object for which to live, and the manifi-
estation of this feeling induced a priest who
had visited him to think that the Indian
still believed he had taken the life of the
White Fawn. He therefore begged
Miss June to visit his prison, to assure him
that she was living, and by way of pre-
paring his savage mind for the Christian in-
fluences which the good father sought to
bave over the doomed man—to tender
her forgiveness for the cruel murder of her
sister. She accordingly visited his prison,
and in his native tongue, called him by
name through the bars of his cell. When
he heard her voice he sprang suddenly to
his feet, as if he had seen a spectre from
the spirit land. When he realized the fact
that the object of his jealous vengeance was
still living, and that all thought of revenge
was now hopeless, he sank slowly to the
floor of his cell, with his face buried in his
hands. His muscles grew tight and rigid
as iron bands upon his limbs—the vessels
of his neck were filled with boiling blood,
and quivered with a motion like the twining
of serpents, his face became livid and dis-
torted with disappointed rage, and he fell
dead in a fit of apoplexy.

Many years after these tragical events,
when her little prattlers gathered around
the knee of Mrs. June Sanders, she showed
them the painting of a fair Indian girl which
hung upon the parlor wall, and told them
the story of the White Fawn.

Never Give a Kick for a Hit.
I learned a good lesson when I was a
little girl, says a lady. One frosty morn-
ing I was looking out of the window into
my father's barn-yard, where stood many
cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink.
It was a cold morning. The cattle all
stood very still and meek, till one of the
cows attempted to turn round. In making
the attempt, she happened to hit her next
neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked
and hit another. In five minutes the whole
herd was kicking each other with fury.

My mother laughed and said, "See what
comes of kicking when you are hit. Just
so I have seen one cross word set a whole
family by the ears some frosty morning."

Afterwards, if my brothers or myself,
were a little irritable, she would say, "Take
care, my children. Remember how the
fight in the barn-yard began. Never give
back a kick for a hit, and you will save
yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

The Daughter.
The early education of the daughter
ought to be more thorough, deeper, clearer,
sounder, more extensive and better than the
education of the son; because the daughter,
early in life, becomes a wife and a mother;
retires from the world to her own peculiar
empire—her own. The son, if not thor-
oughly educated for his calling, at first, is
compelled by circumstances, by the world
all around him—by risks in business—by
his own shame and emulation, to educate
himself. Indeed, he is always learning some-
thing, either by good or bad luck, useful
for him to know. It is not so with the
daughter, who must learn in early life or
never learn. Be a woman ever so wealthy
in this country, she must know how to
cook her food, to wash and iron her clothes,
and those of her family, to nurse her chil-
dren and teach her daughters to do the
same. If she have servants, they may be
ignorant, lazy and worthless; and there
may be times when no servant can be pre-
sented. So that every house keeper must
know all these arts of house-keeping.

There is truth in the following, and
it is worthy of consideration: "A man who
educates one child faithfully, may expect a
work of greater benevolence than one who
has won the name of philanthropist. The
love concentrated on a family may produce
richer fruits than that which embraces the
world. Its action is more intense and in-
visible, but its results may be as broad and
lasting as the whole mass of the community."

They take very unprofitable pains
who endeavor to persuade men that they
are obliged wholly to despise this world
and all that is in it, even what they them-
selves live here. Good hath a taken all
that pains in forming, training, furnishing
the chapel door, Miss May was a few steps
in advance of the rest of the party; when
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of his neck were filled with boiling blood,
and quivered with a motion like the twining
of serpents, his face became livid and dis-
torted with disappointed rage, and he fell
dead in a fit of apoplexy.

Many years after these tragical events,
when her little prattlers gathered around
the knee of Mrs.

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, con-

THE subscribers have the honor to announce to the public, that they have just published one of the most wonderful specimens of modern art it yet produced, the "Ancient City of Jerusalem," previous to its destruction by Titus, A.D. 70, painted by Gen. Wunderlich—drawn on stone by J. Green, and Lithographed by P. S. Duval—the prints are tinted and elaborately colored to represent the original picture. The print is 42 1/2 inches, accompanying it is a History and Description of which is one of the rarest and best, making up a whole picture, to be understood and highly interesting and interesting.

On this picture may be distinctly traced the following remarkable places:—Hill of Evil Counsel, where council was held to kill our Saviour; Valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath; Mount-

kins of Judea, Mizpeh, Upper Pool of Gihon, which supplied the city with water; Road to Jericho; Road to Bethel and Samara, Sepulchre of the Kings, Acrebama, the place bough with theethers pierce of Silver, lo which Judea betrayed; Sepulchre of Cato; In the Rocks, Valley of Humilidat; Idolatry, Pool of the Image of Moloch, which was erected, King's Fountain of Bethesda, the Pool of Siloam, the Pool of the Saviour sent the blind to receive sight, stairs at led from Mount Zion to the King's Garden where the Holy Ghost came upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. The Three Towers built by Herod, Marnanne, Hippicus, and Phasaelus, Connculum, where the Saviour ate the Passover; David's Tomb, House of Anna, Boese Cathapas, Palace of Herod, who caused the

Children of Bethlehem to be slain King Pharaoh's Palace, Palace of Monarchs, chief of Adria-
nopolis; Prison from which the Angel delivered Peter; Lower Market, the Tower of Sion, which was built and killed eighteen men, mentioned by Christ;
Palace of the Mighty, Palace of Herod Antipater,
the Oppressive one, Circus, built by Herod; Palace
of the Holy Sepulchre, built twenty three years
before the Incarnation of the Son of God; Temple,
where Peter and John beset the Samaritan, who
denied him; Church which the Holy Spirit dwelt in,
in which were deposited the Ark and sacred mien-
sa, within the porch or portico stood the Pillars
of Jacob and Boaz, the great Altar of Burnt Offer-
ings, the Brass Candlesticks, the Court of the
Gentiles where Christ expelled the Money Chan-
gers. The Gate on the east side to the external

...the south of the temple has the lower part of Mount Moriah, called Ploah. Mount Moriah is originally a craggy rock, where Abraham offered Isaac in sacrifice—here Jacob prayed and held the Vision of the Ladder. The platform, the Mosaic pavement of Moriah, overlooking the Jerusalem Valley, is where Solomon dedicated the temple in 957 B.C. In 70 A.D., and burnt by the Romans in 70 A.D. In 1187, the city was re-conquered by Saladin. In 1517, the city was re-conquered by Zarahabal B. C. 515, and Grand Master in extent and grandeur by Henry VIII. The temple was covered with plates of gold, and stone more precious than the morning sun." Where it was gilded, it was white as milk. At the end of the Bridge stood the High Gate of Benjamin.

tower of Antonia, where Paul addressed the people, the Pretorium, where Christ was brought before Pilate for judgment; Palace of Pilate and the Court of Justice, Court of Records, School of the Gentiles, Palace of Aca, built by the Asinopolitani Kings; it was here Agrippa erected a high tower overlooking the Courts of the Temple; a Doloresa, extending from the House of Pilate to Calvary, where Christ was crucified; the Court of Judgment, the Tower of Phrygians, the various roads leading from the city, bastion of the Schemane, Mount of Offence, where Solomon showed strange worship and where Christ was

The Publishers have been about three years, actively employed, in completing this Picture.

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R E C O M M E N D A T I O N S .

I take pleasure in recommending to all lovers of Sacred History the Engraving of "Ancient Je-

written, by the Messrs. Wunderliche, as a very authentic print, and as far as I am able to know, as a comparison of the best authorities, it is as correct as it is beautiful.

- A. A. WILLITS.

Pastor of the 1st R. D. Church, - Crown St., Philadelphia, May 22nd, 1852

has procured and examined carefully the Messrs. Wunderliche's Engraving of "Ancient Jewellans." It is decidedly the largest, the handsomest and most accurate one that has ever been published in this or any other country. With the aid of the Key and the Sable, the Christian may obtain a better knowledge of the Holy City than it was in days past, than from all other sources. As a mere work of art it stands higher -

W. deserves the gratitude of all lovers of
on, for his efforts to make them better acquainted
with the Redeemer loved and acknowledged by
Shechunah union did and again will dwell.

W. H. RAMSEY.

Pastor of the Cedar St. Presbyterian Church,
B'ham, May 8th, 1892.

THE Publishers have in their possession a
large number of Recommendations, some from
individuals who have visited Jerusalem, which
will be shortly published.

June 21.

♂ GENTLEMEN who want Fancy Colored
French Cloth, Cashmere, and Fur
Coats, Male Braid and Black De Skin Pants,
L. Satin, and Marseilles for vesting, can find a

BONNETS AND MILLINERY GOODS.
ADIES in want of Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Flowers, Florets, &c., will find them in the city and cheapest at
April 19. **MIDDLECOFFS.**
RIBBONS, Collars, Lace and Edgings, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., suited to every taste, at
April 14. **KURTZ'S.**

BONNETS & BONNET RIBBONS.
ADIES, if you wish to see a large and beautiful assortment of Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, call at
SCHUCH'S.

POCKET CLOCKS, PISTOLS, and a large variety of **JEWELRY**, on hand and for sale
S. SIMON S.

BONNETS, feeny Lind, China Pearl, Hair and Lace, Hair and Gimpes and various other styles, with Misses Lace and Gimpes. at
April 12. A. E. KURTZ

PARASOLS! PARASOLS!
rich lot just received and for sale at cheap
April 12. S. B. BROWN

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!
JUST received a large lot of LADIES' MO-
ROCCO & KID SHOES, GAITERS, Slip-

FANS—FANS—A large assortment just received at KURTZ's Cheap Corner.



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG:

Friday, July 2, 1862.

Whig Standard Bearers.

For President, WINFIELD SCOTT, OF NEW JERSEY.

For Vice-President, WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For Judge of the Supreme Court, JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, OF VIRGINIA.

For Canal Commissioner, JACOB HOFFMAN, OF NEW YORK.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

Assembly, DR. D. MELLINGER, Commissioner.

JOHN MCKLEY, Jr., Auditor.

JOHN DICKSON, Jr., Director of Poor.

PETER SMITH.

We have issued our paper in advance of the regular time, to communicate the painful intelligence of the death of that pure patriot HENRY CLAY, who has just gone down to the grave, ripe in years and glory, leaving behind him a name and character that are imperishable.

HENRY CLAY IS DEAD!

The long looked for blow has fallen; and the illustrious and venerated patriot and statesman, HENRY CLAY, is numbered with the dead. This melancholy event took place at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, the 29th inst. He had long been prepared, and his last moments were calm and quiet; he awaited his great change with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian and a patriot. A short time before his death, he remarked to his son, Thomas Clay: "My son, sit by me—I am going!" and soon expired. No one was present but his son, Gov. Jones, of Tennessee, and Mr. Calvert. He had long since made every preparation for death, and given his son full instructions as to the settlement of his worldly affairs.

The announcement of his death immediately threw a gloom over Washington, and all the public offices and stores were closed, and the houses in the principal streets draped in mourning. Both houses of Congress immediately adjourned.

In Baltimore, when the news of his death was received, there was a profound solemnity. The Court adjourned, the bells of the churches and engine-houses were tolled, and from all the public buildings, the political quarters of the Whigs and Democrats, and the shipping in the harbor, the national flag was displayed at half mast, and frequently draped with mourning. It was no party sorrow—it was the people of all classes mourning for the loss of America's noblest son.

In Harrisburg, Gov. Bigler immediately issued orders to close all the public offices until Thursday, as a testimony of respect, and the bells were tolled all day, and flags suspended at half mast.

At Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and indeed every city and town, the news was received with a deep and intense feeling never before witnessed; and the public and private lamentations show how deep a hold the illustrious patriot had upon the affections of the people.

Henry Clay has just closed his 74th year, having been born on the 12th of April, 1777, in Hanover county, Va. He early emigrated to Kentucky, and after a period of State service, he was elected to the Senate of the U. States in 1806—and ever since, his history is written in every important act which is identified with the interest and glory of his country. No man since Washington has contributed so largely to our national renown throughout the world, and none have gone down to the grave more lamented—and, as a contemporary remarks:—"The nation mourns him, whose name is familiar as household words, alike in crowded city mart, or sequestered mountain hut, and his memory will live in the very 'heart of hearts' of the American people, so long as patriotism is honored, or truth and virtue appreciated."

Mr. Clay lived just long enough to see the Compromise—that one great measure to which the whole heart of his last efforts in the Senate was directed—almost unanimously adopted by the two great parties of the country. "The five gaping wounds" which he left the shades of Ashland to heal, and closed. "Give the people, said he, time to think, to feel, and act rightly." He had faith in the people still, and with faith "patience must have her perfect work."

The Board of Health at Washington have declared the numerous Alleghene trees in that city a nuisance, and, as a consequence, they will be removed. The dangerous odor arising from them is supposed to be dispelled in a great measure by Baltimore and other cities.

TOWN MEETING IN RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY.

Pursuant to public notice, the citizens of the Borough of Gettysburg, without distinction of party, assembled at the Court-house, on Thursday evening, July 1st, at 8 o'clock, to make arrangements for paying a suitable tribute to the memory and character of HENRY CLAY.

On motion, ROBERT G. HARPER, Esq., was called to the Chair; ABRAHAM ARNOLD, and W. W. HAMBRLEY, were elected Vice Presidents; and SAMUEL R. RUSSELL, and JOHN PICKING, were appointed Secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chair, feeling and eloquent addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. G. REED, R. G. M'CREARY, D. M'CONAUGHY, J. HARRIS, and Professor STOVER, and on motion, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to carry out the purposes of this meeting, and be authorized to report a series of resolutions suitable to the occasion—to procure a gentleman to pronounce an eulogium, or discourse, commemorative of the life and character of HENRY CLAY—and to appoint such other officers and make such arrangements as they shall think proper.

Whereupon the following Committee was appointed:—D. M'Conaughy, Esq.; Dr. J. L. Hill, Hon. J. B. Danner, R. G. M'Creary, Esq., Col. J. D. Paxton, Hon. Moses M'Clean, Abraham Arnold, Thomas Warren, Esq., George Snipe, Professor M. H. Steever, Wm. W. Paxton, Esq., A. B. Kuriz, Esq.

A meeting of the Committee was held on the morning of the 2d at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and arrangements made to carry out the further objects of their appointment—which will be announced hereafter.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That we have heard with deep emotion of the death of the Hon. HENRY CLAY, and desire to unite in an expression of our sense of the loss which we have sustained, and of our respect for the memory of one who, by a long life of active devotion to the service of his country, has earned for himself the admiration and enduring gratitude of the whole American people.

Resolved, That in the death of HENRY CLAY, the Nation has been called to mourn the loss of an honored citizen, a distinguished advocate, a pure patriot, a skillful diplomatist, an unrivaled orator, an eminent statesman, a constant friend of the Union, and a fearless champion of universal Freedom—a man who adorned and rendered illustrious every position and station he was called to occupy.

Resolved, That in the character of HENRY CLAY, exalted patriotism, a truly national spirit, and a self-sacrificing devotion to his country were so beautifully blended, that his countrymen, forgetting the partisan, home and love the statesman and the patriot, with a devotion which has been the lot of but few civilians of our country or any other land to enjoy.

Resolved, That so long as American citizens continue to appreciate and delight in the enjoyment of free institutions, they must hold in grateful remembrance the name of that truly great man, who, on more than one occasion, when opposing interests and sectional prejudices had wrought fury the elements of civil discord, rising above all selfish considerations, in the spirit of a true patriot, nobly stood forth the mediator between contending factions; and, by the influence of his gigantic mind and irresistible eloquence, became the efficient means of restoring harmony to the distracted National Councils, and inducing a permanent settlement of difficulties which threatened to involve in hopeless ruin the fair fabric of our glorious Union.

Resolved, That the exertions of HENRY CLAY in behalf of African Colonization, entitled him to our gratitude as the friend of that wronged and suffering race, whose true interest he labored to promote, by securing for them a home in the land of their ancestors—where, removed from every degrading association, they may rise to the true dignity of freemen, and live in the full and complete enjoyment of every political and social right.

Resolved, That the name of HENRY CLAY is identified with the highest honors of American oratory—and just as imperishable as is the fame of American eloquence, is the name of that man, around whose brow she has entwined her brightest chaplets.

Resolved, That the heart of HENRY CLAY loved liberty with an abiding devotion, and was ever ready to sympathize with the aspirations, the sufferings, and struggles of Freedom everywhere throughout the world—and his efforts in behalf of rising manhood, wherever it struggled for independence, has rendered his name the talisman and synonym of Freedom, until, like Washington, it has ceased to be alone the property and pride of a nation, but has become one of the "household words" of humanity.

County Committee.

The President of the late Whig County Convention has appointed the following gentlemen to compose the Whig County Committee for the ensuing year:—

D. A. RUEHLER, Joseph Fink, James G. Reed, B. F. Thiffner, H. G. M'Creary, Wm. Morrison, Charles Horner, Wm. Jones, John Picking, Henry B. Rater, Wm. D. Himes.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt.

This eminent advocate of Temperance will preach a sermon on Sunday evening, (July 4th) at 7 o'clock, in the Presbyterian church—and deliver a Lecture on Temperance, on Monday evening, July 5th, at 7 o'clock, in the English Lutheran church, on Chamberburg street.

The Weed—This destructive insect is said to be making its way here with the wheat crop in some parts of Delaware county, Pa. It has attacked the wheat, and in many instances while the wheat has been cut, it has been found to be infested with the insect. The harvesters have not yet, referred to any extent.

Death of Mr. Clay.

In the Senate of the United States, on Wednesday, Mr. Underwood, of Ky., announced the death of his illustrious colleague, Henry Clay, and pronounced a most eloquent, interesting and feeling obituary.

Messrs. Cass, Hunter, Hale, Clemens, Cooper, Seward, Jones, of Iowa, and Brooke, followed in eloquent tribute to the memory and virtues of the distinguished dead. After the passage of several resolutions in regard to the deceased, the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Breckinridge, of Ky., announced the death of Mr. Clay, and was followed in eloquent addresses from Messrs. Ewing, Chandler, Bayly, Venables, Brooks, Parker, Centry, Bowie, and Walsh, who all paid feeling tributes to the memory of the "great man departed."

After the adoption of the resolutions, the House adjourned.

The Remains of Henry Clay.

Agreeably to the directions of the illustrious deceased, his remains are to be conveyed to Lexington, Ky., to be buried with his friends and relatives. The arrangements at Washington were, that the corpse be taken to the Senate Chamber at 12 o'clock yesterday (Thursday), where religious services were to be held. From thence he would be removed to the railroad depot, and leave at 4 o'clock for Baltimore, in charge of the committee of Congress appointed to accompany them to Kentucky. This committee is Underwood, Jones, of Tenn., Cass, Fisk, Houston, and Stockton. The pall-bearers, Messrs. Cass, Mangum, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Pratt, Atchison and Ball.

The committee, with the mortal remains of Mr. Clay in charge, design proceeding slowly. They would stop last night in Baltimore, and leave for Philadelphia this morning. They also design carrying on their route Philadelphia and New York, and other large cities, in order to give those desirous an opportunity of viewing the corpse and paying the last sad tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

The evidences of mourning in Washington are universal, without distinction of party; and the buildings on the Avenue were nearly all clothed in sable. The arrangements for the funeral were in all respects on the most extensive and complete order. The Senate Chamber and Hall of the House were festooned in the deepest mourning.

The following is a sketch of the remains of Gen. Cass in the Senate on Wednesday. As is well remarked, "Gen. Cass" speech was a model of masculine eloquence, and a noble tribute to the many virtues and high intellectual powers of the illustrious dead, from a political adversary. It was, however, no more than was expected from Lewis Cass, himself, the patriot, the statesman, and the Christian. On the announcement of Mr. Clay's death, Mr. Cass rose and said:—

Mr. President: Again has an impressive warning come to teach us that in the midst of life we are in death. The ordinary labors of this Hall are suspended, and its utterances hushed, before the power of Him who says to the storm of human passions, as He said of old to the waves of Galilee, "Peace, be still." The lessons of His providence, so rare as they may be, often become irrefragable dispensations, like that which is now spreading sorrow through the land, and which is reminding us that we have higher duties to fulfill, and graver responsibilities to encounter than those that meet us here, when we lay our hands upon His Holy Word, and invoke His holy name, promising to be faithful to that Constitution which he gave us in His mercy, and will withdraw only in the hour of our blindness and disobedience, and of our own wrath.

Another great man has fallen in our land, ripe indeed in years and in honors, but never dearer to the American people than when called from the theatre of his services and renown to that final bar where the lofty and the lowly must all meet at last.

I do not rise upon this mournful occasion to indulge in the language of panegyric. My regard for the memory of the dead, and for the obligations of the living, would equally rebuke such a course. The severity of truth is at once our proper duty, and our best consolation. Born during the Revolutionary struggle, our deceased associate was one of the few remaining public men who connect the present generation with the actors in the trying scenes of that eventful period, and whose names and deeds will soon be known only in the history of their country.

He was another illustration, and a noble one, too, of the glorious equality of our institutions, which freely offer all their rewards to all who justly seek them, for he was the architect of his own fortune, having made his way in life by self exertion, and he was an early adventurer in the great forest of the west, then a world of primitive vegetation, but now the abode of intelligence and religion, of prosperity and civilization.

But he possessed that intellectual superiority which overcomes surrounding obstacles, and which local seclusion cannot long withhold from general knowledge and appreciation. It is almost half a century since he passed through Chillicothe, then the seat of government of Ohio, where I was a member of the Legislature, on his way to take his place in this country. He is now listening to this reminiscence, and to a feeble tribute of regard from one who then saw him for the first time, but who can never forget the impression he produced by the charms of his conversation, the frankness of his manner, and the high qualities with which he was endowed.

Since then he has belonged to his country, and has taken a part, and a prominent part, both in peace and war, in all the great questions affecting her interests and her honor, and though it has been often my fortune to differ from him, yet I believe he was as pure a patriot as ever participated in the councils of a nation—and anxious for the public good, and willing to attain it, during all the vicissitudes of a long and active life. He was a powerful influence.

Mr. Graham.

In the course of his remarks at the Ballistic Meeting, on Tuesday night, in Washington, Mr. Ballard Preston was requested to say a word or two in relation to the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency. He promptly responded and described Ex. Governor Graham as one of the best, ablest and purest men in the country—modest, faithful, efficient and practical—enjoying and deserving the confidence, not only of his immediate friends and neighbors in North Carolina, but of the whole South in an eminent degree. He was, moreover, the true and tried friend of Millard Fillmore, and this fact of itself would endear him to the hearts of thousands. No part of Mr. Preston's speech was more effective. The applause was at once loud and hearty. Indeed the nomination of Mr. Graham has everywhere been received in a like satisfactory manner. The selection was every way judicious—and if the Head of the Army and the Head of the Navy, united upon one ticket, cannot secure union, no man can.

Mr. GRAHAM, our nominee for the Vice Presidency, has sent in his resignation of the office of the Secretary of the Navy to the President. He has adopted this course, it is said, under an apprehension that if he continued in office while a candidate, it might be the cause of some embarrassment to the Administration. At the urgent request of the President, however, he will remain for some days in the Department, with the view of completing some important business that remains unfinished, and of arranging such matters as require immediate attention. He will then retire to North Carolina and await the result of the election.

Of the qualifications of the two candidates, Scott and Pierce, but one opinion prevails; the one has a long life of arduous and brilliant services to present to his countrymen, and no one can withhold his vote from Gen. Scott on the ground that he is unknown or untried. Of the other it is yet unsatisfactorily settled, "who he is," or at any rate what he has done to deserve the high and honorable position the party wish to place him in. As a statesman he never distinguished himself by speech, common sense, or vote. If he opened his lips in the Senate it was against internal improvements, the progress of the west, and defenceless widows. Whilst his votes all stand as monuments of retrogression, anti-tariff, and adverse to republicanism.

Mr. King, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, is a bachelor. Mr. Graham, the Whig nominee for the same office, has, it is said, the most agreeable and accomplished of his countrywomen for a wife. Upon that platform, Mr. G. has the advantage of his competitor.

The papers are filled with glowing accounts of ratification meetings all over the country. The nominations of Scott and GRAHAM appear to be received generally with great enthusiasm. There are a few ultras who "hold off" as yet—but there is little doubt they will come in to the support of the nominees, and an undivided front will be presented to the opponents of the veteran Chief.

Webster upon Scott.—In a speech in the U. S. Senate, in March, 1848, Daniel Webster spoke as follows, relative to the character and services of Gen. Scott:—

I understand, sir, that there is a report from Gen. Scott, from Gen. Scott, a man who has performed the most brilliant campaign on recent military record, a man who has waged against the enemy, waged against the climate, waged against a thousand unpropitious circumstances, and has carried the flag of his country to the capital of the enemy, honorably, proudly, humanely, to his own permanent honor, and the great military credit of his country.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of the coming election for the Presidency, says—

The Democrats have a holy horror of Chippewa's luck. He always leads. The British know it; the Indians know it; the Mexicans know it; the French know it; the Thakowong ones never bet against a winning horse; and on a stumbling one they never will stake a dime. His success is certain as death or taxes.

Their Ages.—Franklin Pierce was born in New Hampshire, and is now 40 years of age; Millard Fillmore was born at Sumner Hill, Cayuga county, N. Y., Jan. 7th, 1800, and is now in his 53rd year. Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and is now in his 71st year. Gen. Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786, and is therefore 66 years old.

Scott at Vera Cruz.—During the bombardment of Vera Cruz, Scott, while watching along the trenches one day, observed several of our troops rising up and looking over the parapet to watch the effect of our shot and shells. The General cried out, "Down with you, men—don't expose yourselves." "But, General," said one, "you expose yourself." "Oh," replied Scott, "Generals now-a-days can be made out of any body, but men can't easily be had."

A Heavy Morning's Train.—The Grand Depot of Philadelphia, on Monday morning, acted upon and returned to the Court, the large number of one hundred and eighty-five of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

The Great City Train.—The Grand Depot of Philadelphia, on Monday morning, acted upon and returned to the Court, the large number of one hundred and eighty-five of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

The Train's Arrival.—The train arrived at the depot at the Frank women for arriving their forces to mind and another when they could in their protect them by rail.

Millard Fillmore.

Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, deserves our hearty and enthusiastic gratitude for the true constitutional and patriotic principles on which he has administered the government—and that the Whigs of the United States will ever look on his administration as one of the most successful and patriotic in our history.

The Philadelphia News says the above resolution was offered by Mr. Ely, a Scott delegate from Ohio, and was unanimously adopted by the Convention at Baltimore. The resolution, we see it stated, was received with enthusiastic applause, accompanied by the waving of hats and throwing of bouquets. This affords but another evidence that the Whigs of the country fully feel and appreciate that the administration of President Fillmore has added lustre to the character of the country abroad, and placed on a foundation more solid than ever, its extended and various interests at home. He came into office when internal dissensions were rife, and treason to the Constitution stalked abroad; when the Higher Law doctrine, in the North, and Secessionism in the South, reared their hideous forms and threatened the overthrow of our glorious and happy Union; when the stoutest hearts quailed, the more timid despaired; when it required wisdom and patriotism, energy and decision to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves in the way of the successful administration of the Government. Great as were the difficulties, and embarrassing as were the circumstances which surrounded him, they were met by him with a cool and alidly, as well as moderation and firmness, commendable with the occasion, and happy for the country has been the result.

Like most public officers, who are in the public service in times of trial and who dare do their duty, regardless of the public clamor, he has had much to contend with, and to overcome; he has been reviled and vilified, at times, by those whose duty it was to sustain him; but his triumph is complete. The policy of his Administration is endorsed by the great body of the Whig party; and that, we happen to know, will be infinitely more gratifying to him than any nomination for re-election would have been.

Not to party, says the Baltimore Sun, is the name and fame of Henry Clay confined. Wherever the genuine spirit of American Republicanism glows in the heart, there will be elicited at such a moment as this an unaffected reverence for his memory, and the candid admission that one of the greatest and noblest of the sons of the nation has passed away. Political differences will not be remembered at the grave of such a man. But the good that he has done will radiate its lustre from the tomb, and all men will gratefully confess the service he has rendered his country, and through her to mankind at large.

The Tomb of Gen. Harrison.

The emptiness of mere public fame is forcibly illustrated by contrasting the enthusiasm manifested not quite twelve years ago, throughout the length and breadth of the land, for General Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency, and the following brief notice of a visit to his tomb, at North Bend, by the editor of the Cincinnati Non-Parade:—

(On a recent visit to the tomb of Harrison, situated on one of the most beautiful sites in the western country, at North Bend, we were paired at beholding the little attention bestowed upon the ground covering the last resting place of the old hero. The lot selected, in which are deposited the remains of "Old Tippecanoe," is enclosed around the base in a circular form, with a board fence, roughly white-washed. The long grass has all been trampled down, the shrubbery broken, trees cut, and even the wooden door leading to the tomb has been trampled and mutilated, while the rough bricks, on each side of the mound have been ploughed up, as though the boys had been rooting there. The tomb, and all the over beautiful and ennobling scenery, have lost all their interest, and a visit to the spot is now anything but pleasant. Thus expressing ourselves, we only echo the general feeling of all who have visited the burial place this spring.

Awful Disclosure.

One of the Polanders, who has been convicted of the murder of young Lehman, at Philadelphia, and sentenced to death, made some startling developments before Mayor Gilpin on Tuesday. He acknowledged killing the boy, and also that he and two others had killed a farmer and his family, consisting of six persons, near Newark, Del., and afterwards set fire to the premises. He also confessed to a murder near Baltimore, and said they had murdered near eighty persons and burned thirty houses since their arrival in this country. The plunder, he says, to the amount of near \$8,000, is buried in the mountains, and under the charge of one who is still at large. This confession is of deep interest. The family alluded to in Delaware, is, beyond doubt, the Couden family, whose sad fate excited such deep interest, and for whose murder three men, Murphy, Taylor, and Shelton, were hanged, and died protesting their innocence. If the confession is true, that tragedy will be clothed with the additional horror of executing three innocent men! There is something awful in such a thought!

A Heavy Morning's Train.

The Grand Depot of Philadelphia, on Monday morning, acted upon and returned to the Court, the large number of one hundred and eighty-five of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

The Great City Train.—The Grand Depot of Philadelphia, on Monday morning, acted upon and returned to the Court, the large number of one hundred and eighty-five of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

The Train's Arrival.—The train arrived at the depot at the Frank women for arriving their forces to mind and another when they could in their protect them by rail.

Whig Ratification Meetings at the West.

Louisville, June 28.—The ratification meeting held at Memphis, Tenn., on Saturday night, was the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in that city. The Tennessee papers say that the enthusiasm manifested for Harrison in 1840, was not equal to that now evinced in favor of Gen. Scott.

Cincinnati, June 29.—The Scott ratification meeting held last night was very enthusiastic, and Sixth street market square was thronged by upwards of 8,000 persons. Senator Morehead, Samuel Galloway, and several other distinguished speakers addressed the meeting. The Gazette building was illuminated, guns were fired, and music was the order of the evening.

Dreadful Explosion and Loss of Life.

About two o'clock Friday afternoon a dreadful explosion occurred at Jersey City by the bursting of the boiler of the Pacific mail steamer. The cause is not ascertained. The boiler was blown through the top of the building and over the tops of the houses and landed two streets distant. The hull from the safety valve was thrown into the air and landed on the top of the freight house at the depot, a distance of some four hundred yards. Ten men have been taken out of the ruins seriously mutilated. The windows were entirely demolished in all the buildings in the neighborhood.

Cholera in Missouri.

The cholera has been raging with great violence at Jackson, Mo. The town had been almost entirely deserted, and on the 20th ult. there were not enough of persons remaining to bury the dead. On the 21st ult. there were twelve bodies remaining unburied. Among the victims were Col. Russell, J. W. Limbaugh, editor of the Democrat, and Mr. Harris, his foreman.

The Famine in Germany.

The famine in the mountain districts of Southern Germany is yet unabated, and provisions scarce and prices exorbitant. A letter to the New York Express, dated Prague, June 3, says:—

Families formerly in easy circumstances are reduced to beggary and in severe sufferings from hunger. Bakers sell bread of rye and oats bran at high prices—people gather common grass along the public roads and highways—and moss in the woods, cook and eat it to appease their hunger and prevent starvation. Such are a few of the many glaring features of the great famine, not in the least exaggerated, but unembellished by the official reports of the local authorities to their respective Governments. Truly, the wrath of God is upon us!

Disorder and Crime in the Australia Gold Regions.

From Australia, the news, via California, though a little later, is very full and interesting. It shows that disorder, crime, murder, and consequently Lynch law are as rampant in the gold regions there as in our own California, and that the "curse of gold" is the same everywhere.

The arrivals at Melbourne show a considerable influx of population. Crime seems sadly on the increase, and the whole state of society there greatly disorganized. The miners are suffering with sores, and a horrible state of poverty prevails in some places. Murders and robberies were frequent occurrences. At Praya creek a correspondent says quarrels, dissensions, bloodshed and danger of the direct description, reigned supreme.

The Government is pained, whilst the all-floor runs on in a career of unchecked crime and rapine, or at the most is checked by an occasional patrol ship, or similar act of summary justice, responded to by a groan, and the effect manifested next morning by blood stains, when a few observations are bandied about from tent to tent that a man was shot, and no more is heard of the matter. A surgeon is called in to attend a wounded man, no questions are asked, the fee is paid, and if the man die, he is disposed of.

So rampant was crime in Victoria that the people resorted to Lynch law, and several executions had taken place.

A Race that was a Race.

The Los Angeles Star, a long race, nothing short of nine miles, which was run between the Sydney mare, Black Swan, and the California horse, Sarcos, for a stake of \$2,000 cash, and a thousand head of cattle. The Star states that at least \$50,000 changed hands on the result of this race, which was won by the mare by ninety-five yards. She ran the nine miles in nineteen minutes and twenty seconds.

Iron Paper.

At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron works, exhibits sheet iron of such a degree of tenacity that the leaves can be used for paper. One of the finest sort of the machinery rolls, is 7,000 square feet of what may be called leaf iron, from a cwt. of metal. A bookkeeper of Breslau, has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexibly as the finest fabric of linen rags.

The Census of France of 1851 gives

an curious result. The number of women is greater than that of men! The difference is extraordinary, being nearly a million and a half. In Paris the difference is on the other side, there being 25,000 more men than women.

Capitalizing War.

The St. Louis Intelligencer estimates that within a period of five years at most, more than thirty millions of Eastern capital will find its way West, in constructing the gigantic railroads that are now in progress in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Indiana.

Rescuing the Lame.

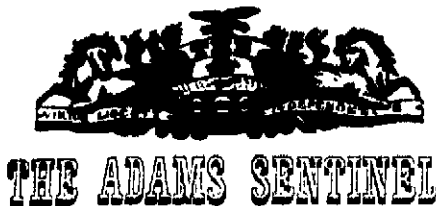
We learn that Gov. Bigler, under the authority of an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, has appointed James M. Porter, E. A. Pondman and Ellis Bonham, Commissioners to revise and codify the laws of Pennsylvania. This is a much desired movement, and the gentlemen appointed have all the talent and industry requisite for the duty.

Bells Rang by Lightning.

During a storm in Boston, on Tuesday last, each flash of lightning with which it was accompanied, so acted on the wires of the new Fire Alarm, that every bell in the circuit was struck, pealing forth sounds as distinct as when going for fire.

"The sun is all very well," said an

Irishman, "but in my opinion the moon is much more of it. For the moon affects us right in the night time, when we really cannot see it; whereas, we have the sun with us in the day time, when we have no occasion for it."



GETTYSBURG:

Friday, July 2, 1862.

Whig Standard Bearer.

For President,
WINFIELD SCOTT,
OF NEW JERSEY.

For Vice President,
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM,
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For Judge of the Supreme Court,
JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
OF ARMYSTRONG COUNTY.

For Canal Commissioner,
JACOB HOFFMAN,
OF BERKS COUNTY.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

Assembly,
DR. D. MELLINGER,
Commissioner.

JOHN MCKEY, Jr.,
Auditor.

JOHN DICKSON, Jr.,
Director of Poor.

PETER SMITH,

We have issued our paper in advance of the regular time, to communicate the painful intelligence of the death of that pure patriot HENRY CLAY, who has just gone down to the grave, ripe in years and glory, leaving behind him a name and character that are imperishable.

HENRY CLAY IS DEAD!

The long looked for blow has fallen, and the illustrious and venerated patriot and statesman, HENRY CLAY, is numbered with the dead. This melancholy event took place at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, the 29th inst. He had long been prepared, and his last moments were calm and quiet; he awaited his great change with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian and a patriot. A short time before his death, he remarked to his son, Thomas Clay—"My son, sit by me—I am going!" and soon expired. No one was present but his son, Gov. Jones, of Tennessee, and Mr. Calvert. He had long since made every preparation for death, and given his son full instructions as to the settlement of his worldly affairs.

The announcement of his death immediately threw a gloom over Washington, and all the public offices and stores were closed, and the houses in the principal streets draped in mourning. Both houses of Congress immediately adjourned.

In Baltimore, when the news of his death was received, there was a profound solemnity. The Courts adjourned, the bells of the churches and engine-houses were tolled, and from all the public buildings, the political quarters of the Whigs and Democrats, and the shipping in the harbor, the national flag was displayed at half-mast, and frequently draped with mourning. It was no party sorrow—it was the people of all classes mourning for the loss of America's noblest son.

In Harrisburg, Gov. Bigler immediately issued orders to close all the public offices until Thursday, as a testimony of respect, and the bells were tolled all day, and flags suspended at half-mast.

At Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and indeed every city and town, the news was received with a deep and intense feeling never before witnessed; and the public and private lamentations show how deep a hold the illustrious patriot had upon the affections of the people.

Henry Clay had just closed his 75th year, having been born on the 12th of April, 1777, in Hanover county, Va. He early emigrated to Kentucky, and after a period of State service, he was elected to the Senate of the U. States in 1806—and ever since, his history is written in every important act which is identified with the interest and glory of his country. No man since Washington has contributed so largely to our national renown throughout the world, and none have gone down to the grave more lamented—and as a contemporary remarks—"The nation mourns him, whose name is familiar as household words, alike in crowded city mart, or secluded mountain hut, and his memory will live in the very 'heart of hearts' of the American people, so long as patriotism is honored, or truth and virtue appreciated."

Mr. Clay lived just long enough to see the Compromise—that one great measure to which the whole heart of his last efforts in the Senate was directed—almost unanimously adopted by the two great parties of the country. "The free geyng wounds" which he left the shades of Ashland to heal, are closed. "Give the people, said he, time to think, to feel, and act rightly." He had faith in the people still, and with faith "justice must have her perfect work."

The Board of Health at Washington have declared the numerous Alabama trees in that city a nuisance, and, as a consequence, they will no doubt be removed. The disagreeable odor arising from them is causing them to be displaced to a great extent in Baltimore and other cities.

TOWN MEETING IN RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY.

Pursuant to public notice, the citizens of the Borough of Gettysburg, without distinction of party, assembled at the Court house, on Thursday evening, July 1st, at 8 o'clock, to make arrangements for paying a suitable tribute to the memory and character of HENRY CLAY.

On motion—ROBERT G. HARPER, Esq., was called to the Chair; ABRAHAM ARNOLD, and W. W. HAMERSLEY, were elected Vice Presidents; and SAMUEL R. RUSSELL, and JOHN PICKING, were appointed Secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chair—feeling and eloquent addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. G. REED, R. G. M'CREARY, D. M'CONAUGHY, Esqrs., and Professor STOEYER, and on motion, the following Resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to carry out the purposes of this meeting, and be authorized to report a series of resolutions suitable to the occasion—to procure a gentleman to pronounce an eulogium, or discourse, commemorative of the life and character of HENRY CLAY—and to appoint such time therefor, and make such arrangements as they shall think proper.

Whereupon the following Committee was appointed:—D. M'Conaughy, Esq., Dr. J. L. Hill, Hon. J. B. Danner, R. G. M'Creary, Esq., Col. J. D. Paxton, Hon. Moses M'Clean, Abraham Arnold, Thomas Warren, Esq., George Swope, Professor M. L. Stoever, Wm. W. Paxton, Esq., A. B. Kurtz, Esq.

A meeting of the Committee was held on the morning of the 2d—at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and arrangements made to carry out the further objects of their appointment—which will be announced hereafter.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That we have heard with deep emotion of the death of the Hon. HENRY CLAY, and desire to unite in an expression of our sense of the loss which we have sustained, and of our respect for the memory of one who, by a long life of active devotion to the service of his country, has earned for himself the admiration and enduring gratitude of the whole American people.

Resolved, That in the death of HENRY CLAY, the Nation has been called to mourn the loss of an honored citizen, a distinguished advocate, a pure patriot, a skillful diplomatist, an unrivaled orator, an eminent statesman, a constant friend of the Union, and a fearless champion of universal Freedom—a man who adorned and rendered illustrious every position and station he was called to occupy.

Resolved, That in the character of HENRY CLAY, exalted patriotism, a truly national spirit, and a self-sacrificing devotion to his country were so beautifully blended, that his countrymen, forgetting the partisan honor and love the statesman and the patriot, with a devotion which it has been the lot of but few civilians of our country or any other land to enjoy.

Resolved, That so long as American citizens continue to appreciate and delight in the enjoyment of free institutions, they must hold in grateful remembrance the name of that truly great man; who, on more than one occasion, when opposing interests and sectional prejudices had wrought into fury the elements of civil discord—rising above all selfish considerations, in the spirit of a true patriot, nobly stood forth the mediator between contending factions; and, by the influence of his gigantic mind and irresistible eloquence, became the efficient means of restoring harmony to the distracted National Councils, and inducing a permanent settlement of difficulties which threatened to involve in hopeless ruin the fair fabric of our glorious Union.

Resolved, That the exertions of HENRY CLAY in behalf of African Colonization, entitle him to our gratitude as the friend of that wronged and suffering race, whose true interest he labored to promote, by securing for them a home in the land of their ancestors—where, removed from every degrading association, they may rise to the true dignity of freemen, and live in the full and complete enjoyment of every political and social right.

Resolved, That the name of HENRY CLAY is identified with the highest honors of American oratory—and just as imperishable as is the fame of American eloquence, is the name of that man, around whose brow she has entwined her brightest chaplets.

Resolved, That the heart of HENRY CLAY loved liberty with an abiding devotion, and was ever ready to sympathize with the aspirations, the sufferings, and struggles of Freedom everywhere throughout the world—and his efforts in behalf of rising manhood, wherever it struggled for independence, has rendered his name the talisman and synonym of Freedom, until, like Washington, it has ceased to be alone the property and pride of a nation, but has become one of the "household words" of humanity.

County Committee.

The President of the late Whig County Convention has appointed the following gentlemen to compose the Whig County Committee for the ensuing year:—

D. A. Buehler, Joseph Fink,
J. M. Reed, R. F. Gardner,
R. G. M'Creary, Wm. Morrison,
Charles Horner, Wm. Jones,
John Picking, Henry B. Haber,
Wm. D. Himes.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt.

This eminent advocate of Temperance will preach a sermon on Sunday evening (July 4th) at 7 o'clock, in the Presbyterian church—and deliver a Lecture on Temperance, on Monday evening, July 5th, at 7 o'clock, in the English Lutheran church, on Chambersburg street.

The Herald.—This destructive insect is said to be making sad havoc with the wheat crop in some parts of Delaware county, Pa. It has attacked the white wheat, and in many instances whole fields have been destroyed. The bearded variety has not, as yet, suffered to any extent.

Death of Mr. Clay.

In the Senate of the United States, on Wednesday, Mr. Underwood, of Ky., announced the death of his illustrious colleague, Henry Clay, and pronounced a most eloquent, interesting and feeling obituary. Messrs. Cass, Hunter, Hale, Clemens, Cooper, Seward, Jones, of Iowa, and Brooke, followed in eloquent tribute to the memory and virtues of the distinguished dead. After the passage of several resolutions in regard to the deceased, the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Breckinridge, of Ky., announced the death of Mr. Clay, and was followed in eloquent addresses from Messrs. Ewing, Chandler, Bayly, Venable, Brooks, Parker, Gentry, Bowie, and Walsh, who all paid feeling tributes to the memory of the "great man departed." After the adoption of the resolutions, the House adjourned.

The Remains of Henry Clay.

Agreeably to the directions of the illustrious deceased, his remains are to be conveyed to Lexington, Ky., to be buried with his friends and relatives. The arrangements at Washington were, that the corpse be taken to the Senate Chamber at 12 o'clock yesterday (Thursday), where religious services were to be had. From thence he would be removed to the railroad depot, and leave at 4 o'clock for Baltimore, in charge of the committee of Congress appointed to accompany them to Kentucky. This committee is Underwood, Jones, of Tenn., Cass, Fisk, Houston, and Stockton. The pall-bearers, Messrs. Cass, Mangum, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Pratt, Aitchison and Bell.

The committee, with the mortal remains of Mr. Clay in charge, design proceeding slowly. They would stop last night in Baltimore, and leave for Philadelphia this morning. They also design tarrying overnight in Philadelphia and New York, and other large cities, in order to give those desirous an opportunity of viewing the corpse and paying the last and tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

The evidences of mourning in Washington are universal, without distinction of party; and the buildings on the Avenue were nearly all clothed in sable. The arrangements for the funeral were in all respects on the most extensive and complete order. The Senate Chamber and Hall of the House were festooned in the deepest mourning.

The following is a sketch of the remains of Gen. CASS in the Senate on Wednesday. As is well remarked, "Gen. Cass' speech was a model of masculine eloquence, and a noble tribute to the many virtues and high intellectual powers of the illustrious dead, from a political adversary. It was, however, no more than was expected from Lewis Cass, himself the patriot, the statesman, and the Christian." On the announcement of Mr. Clay's death, Mr. Cass rose and said:—

Mr. President: Again has an impressive warning come to teach us that in the midst of life we are in death. The ordinary labors of this Hall are suspended and its utterances hushed, before the power of Him who says to the storm of human passions, as He said of old to the waves of Galilee, "Peace, be still." The lessons of His providence, severe as they may be, often become merciful dispensations, like that which is now spreading sorrow through the land, and which is reminding us that we have higher duties to fulfill, and graver responsibilities to encounter than those that meet us here, when we lay our hands upon His Holy Word, and invoke His holy name, promising to be faithful to that Constitution which he gave us in His mercy, and will withdraw only in the hour of our blindness and disobedience, and of his own wrath.

Another great man has fallen in our land, ripe indeed in years and in honors, but never dearer to the American people than when called from the theatre of his services and renown to that final bar where the lofty and the lowly must all meet at last.

I do not rise upon this mournful occasion to indulge in the language of panegyric—My regard for the memory of the dead, and for the obligations of the living, would equally rebuke such a course. The severity of truth is at once our proper duty, and our best consolation. Born during the Revolutionary struggle, our deceased associate was one of the few remaining public men who connect the present generation with the actors in the trying scenes of that eventful period, and whose names and deeds will soon be known only in the history of his country.

He was another illustration, and a noble one, too, of the glorious equality of our institutions, which freely offer all their rewards to all who justly seek them, for he was the architect of his own fortune, having made his way in life by self-exertion, and he was an early advocate in the great forest of the west, then a world of primitive vegetation, but now the abode of intelligence and religion, of prosperity and civilization.

But he possessed that intellectual superiority which overcomes surrounding obstacles, and which local seclusion cannot long withhold from general knowledge and appreciation. It is almost half a century since he passed through Chillicothe, then the seat of government of Ohio, where I was a member of the Legislature, on his way to take his place in this very body, which is now listening to this reminiscence, and to a feeble tribute of regard from one, who then saw him for the first time, but who can never forget the impression he produced by the charms of his conversation, the frankness of his manner, and the high qualities with which he was endowed.

Since then he has belonged to his country, and has taken a part, and a prominent part, both in peace and war, in all the great questions affecting her interests and her honor; and though it has been often my fortune to differ from him, yet I believe he was as true a patriot as ever participated in the councils of a nation—answering for the public good, and seeking to attain it, during all the vicissitudes of a long and active life. That he exercised a powerful influence

within the sphere of his action, through the whole country, indeed we all feel and know; and we know, too, the eminent endowments which gave him this high distinction.

Frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions, and in the performance of his duties, with rare powers of eloquence, which never failed to rivet the attention of his auditory, and which always commanded admiration, even when they did not carry conviction; prompt in decision, and firm in action; and with a vigorous intellect, trained in the contests of a stirring life, and strengthened by enlarged experience and observation, joined withal to an ardent love of country, and to great purity of purpose—these were the elements of his power and success. And we dwell upon them with mournful gratification now, when we shall soon follow him to the cold and silent tomb, where we shall commit earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, with the blessed conviction of the truth of that divine revelation which teaches us that there is life and hope beyond the narrow house where we shall leave him alone to the mercy of his God and ours.

He has passed beyond the reach of human praise or censure, but the judgment of his contemporaries has preceded and pronounced the judgment of history, and his name and fame will shed lustre upon his country, and will be proudly cherished in the hearts of his countrymen for long ages to come. Yes, they will be cherished and freshly remembered when these marble columns that surround us—so often the witnesses of his triumph, but in a brief hour, when his mortal frame, despoiled of the immortal spirit, shall rest under this dome for the last time, to become the witnesses of his defeat in that final contest where the mightiest fall before the great destroyer—when these marble columns shall themselves have fallen—like all the works of man—leaving their broken fragments to tell the story of former magnificence, amid the very ruins that announce decay and desolation.

I was often with him, during his last illness, when the world and the things of the world were fast fading away before him. He knew that the silver cord was almost loosened, and that the golden bowl was breaking at the fountain, but he was resigned to the will of Providence, feeling that he who gave has the right to take away in his own good time and manner. After his duty to his Creator and his anxiety for his family, his first care was for his country, and his first wish for the preservation and perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union, dear to him in the hour of death as they had ever been in the vigor of life. Of that Constitution and Union, whose defence in the last and greatest crisis of their peril, had called forth all his energies, and had stimulated those memorable and powerful exertions, which he who witnessed, can never forget, and which, no doubt, hastened the final catastrophe, and a nation now deplores, with a sincerity and unanimity not less honorable to themselves than to the memory of the object of their affections.

And when we shall utter that narrow valley, through which he has passed before us, and which leads to the judgment seat of God, may we be able to say, through faith in his Son, our Saviour, and in the beautiful language of the hymn of the dying Christian—dying but ever-living and triumphant:—

"The world reverts, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! I see
Washed and glorified my soul
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
Oh grave, where is thy victory?
Oh death, where is thy sting?"

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1852.

The Eulogies on Mr. Clay.—The Scene in the Senate and the Multitudes Present—Every and Detraction Outlived, &c.

While the heart of this great nation swells with emotion at the tidings, which, with lightning velocity, have been every where carried, of the death of Henry Clay, the eloquence of his late associates in the National Councils has been exhausted in efforts to eulogize his services and character. The scene in the Senate, this morning, was affecting and imposing.

The same thronging multitude filled the galleries which used to be gathered by the fame of the great Senator; and, amid the silence which long preceded the opening of the Senate, we could almost imagine that the orator was again to rise in his place; and that his flashing eye, and majestic manner, and trumpet tones, were there again to command the admiration of all. But faithful and moving delineations of him who had filled the public eye, and who was sheltered in public sympathy, were not wanting. Mr. Underwood was felicitous in bringing before us the form and features, and the ardent feelings and devoted views of his illustrious colleague.

If eulogy of his personal qualities, and of his great actions, could equal what was felt and known by all to be his due, we have had them also from Gen. Cass, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hale, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Seward, Gov. Jones, Mr. Brooke and other Senators. The eulogies, warm and discriminating as they are, will form a memorial of the departed statesman fit to be preserved for all time.

The judgment of posterity is scarcely to be anticipated by contemporary opinion; but it was Mr. Clay's fortune to outlive the envy and detraction that follows distinction; and it is a grateful and admiring fact, that now, on the eve of a great party struggle, the high merits of Mr. Clay, as a patriot and philanthropist, and public benefactor, are universally acknowledged. Many men may, in the chances of political tumult, reach the Presidency, but few will ever reach the higher post which Henry Clay held in the hearts of his country.

Great preparations were made in Baltimore to receive the remains of Mr. Clay last evening—and the whole arrangement was of the most solemn and impressive character. Business was to be suspended, minute guns fired, bells tolled, and public buildings and flags shrouded in mourning. In Philadelphia, also, extensive arrangements were being made for the reception of the illustrious dead. The Hall of Independence is to be hung in mourning for six months.

Still it Goes!—The steamer Europa sailed from New York for Europe Wednesday, with 116 passengers and 2400,000 in specie.

Mr. Graham.

In the course of his remarks at the Ratification Meeting, on Tuesday night, in Washington, Mr. Ballard Preston was requested to say a word or two in relation to the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency. He promptly responded and described Ex-Governor Graham as one of the best, ablest and purest men in the country—modest, faithful, efficient and practical—enjoying and deserving the confidence, not only of his immediate friends and neighbors in North Carolina, but of the whole South in an eminent degree. He was, moreover, the true and tried friend of Millard Fillmore, and this fact of itself would endear him to the hearts of thousands. No part of Mr. Preston's speech was more effective. The applause was at once loud and hearty. Indeed the nomination of Mr. Graham has everywhere been received in a like satisfactory manner. The selection was every way judicious—and if the Head of the Army and the Head of the Navy, united upon one ticket, cannot secure union, produce enthusiasm, and lead to success, we shall be sadly disappointed.

Mr. GRAHAM, our nominee for the Vice Presidency, has sent in his resignation of the office of the Secretary of the Navy to the President. He has adopted this course, it is said, under an apprehension that if he continued in office while a candidate, it might be the cause of some embarrassment to the Administration. At the urgent request of the President, however, he will remain for some days in the Department, with the view of completing some important business that remains unfinished, and of arranging such matters as require immediate attention. He will then retire to North Carolina and await the result of the election.

Of the qualifications of the two candidates, Scott and Pierce, but one opinion prevails; the one has a long life of arduous and brilliant services to present to his countrymen, and no one can withhold his vote from Gen. Scott on the ground that he is unknown or untried. Of the other it is not yet satisfactorily settled, "who he is," or at any rate what he has done to deserve the high and honorable position the party wish to place him in.—As a statesman he never distinguished himself by speech, common discernment, or vote. If he opened his lips in the Senate it was against internal improvements, the progress of the west, and feeble widows. Whilst his votes all stand as monuments of retrogression, anti-tariff, and adverse to republicanism.

Mr. King, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, is a bachelor.—Mr. Graham, the Whig nominee for the same office, has, it is said, the most agreeable and accomplished of his countrywomen for a wife. Upon that platform, Mr. G. has the advantage of his competitor.

The papers are filled with glowing accounts of ratification meetings all over the country. The nominations of SCOTT and GRAHAM appear to be received generally with great enthusiasm. There are a few ultras who "hold off" as yet—but there is but little doubt they will come in to the support of the nominees, and an undivided front will be presented to the opponents of the veteran Chief.

Webster upon Scott.—In a speech in the U. S. Senate, in March, 1848, Daniel Webster speaks as follows, relative to the character and services of Gen. Scott:—

I understand, sir, that there is a report from Gen. Scott; from Gen. Scott, a man who has performed the most brilliant campaign on recent military record, a man who has warred against the enemy, warred against the climate, warred against a thousand unpropitious circumstances, and has carried the flag of his country to the capital of the enemy, honorably, proudly, humanely, to his own permanent honor, and the great military credit of his country.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of the coming election for the Presidency, says:—

The Democrats have a holy horror of Chippewa's luck. He always leads. The British know it; the Indians know it; the Mexicans know it; the Locos know it. The knowing ones never bet against a winning horse—and on a stumbling one they never will stake a dime. His success is certain as death or taxes.

Their Ages.—Franklin Pierce was born in New Hampshire, and is now 46 years of age; Millard Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga county, N. Y., Jan. 7th, 1800, and is now in his 53rd year. Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and is now in his 71st year. Gen. Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786, and is therefore 66 years old.

Scott at Vera Cruz.—During the bombardment of Vera Cruz, Scott, while walking along the trenches one day, observed several of our troops rising up and looking over the parapet to watch the effect of our shot and shells. The General cried out, "Down with you, men!—don't expose yourselves." "But, General," said one, "you expose yourself!" "Oh," replied Scott, "I never now-a-days can be made out of any body, but men can't easily be had."

The Crescent City arrived at New York on Monday, bringing California dates, a large number of one hundred and eight bills of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

The Turkish women are lost in wonder at the Frank women for exposing their faces to wind and weather when they could so easily protect them by veils.

Millard Fillmore.

Resolved, That Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, deserves our hearty and enthusiastic gratitude for the true constitutional and patriotic principles on which he has administered the government—and that the Whigs of the United States will ever look on his administration as one of the most successful and patriotic in our history.

The Philadelphia News says the above resolution was offered by Mr. Ely, a Scott delegate from Ohio, and was unanimously adopted by the Convention at Baltimore. The resolution, we see it stated, was received with enthusiastic applause, accompanied by the waving of hats and throwing of bouquets. This affords but another evidence that the Whigs of the country duly feel and appreciate that the administration of President Fillmore has added lustre to the character of the country abroad, and placed on a foundation more solid than ever, its extended and various interests at home. He came into office when internal dissensions were rife, and treason to the Constitution stalked abroad; when the Higher Law doctrines in the North, and Secessionism in the South, reared their hideous forms and threatened the overthrow of our glorious and happy Union; when the stoutest hearts quailed, the more timid despaired; when it required wisdom and patriotism, energy and decision to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves in the way of the successful administration of the Government. Great as were the difficulties, and embarrassing as were the circumstances which surrounded him, they were met by him with a zeal and ability, as well as moderation and firmness, commensurate with the occasion, and happy for the country has been the result.

Like most public officers, who are in the public service in times of trial and who dare do their duty, regardless of the public clamor, he has had much to contend with, and to overcome; he has been reviled and vilified, at times, by those whose duty it was to sustain him; but his triumph is complete. The policy of his Administration is endorsed by the great body of the Whig party; and that, we happen to know, will be infinitely more gratifying to him than any nomination for re-election would have been.

Not to party, says the Baltimore Sun, is the name and fame of Henry Clay confined. Wherever the genuine spirit of American Republicanism glows in the heart, there will be elicited at such a moment as this an unaffected reverence for his memory, and the candid admission that one of the greatest and noblest of the sons of the nation has passed away. Political differences will not be remembered at the grave of such a man. But the good that he has done will radiate its lustre from the tomb, and all men will gratefully confess the service he has rendered his country, and through her to mankind at large.

The Tomb of Gen. Harrison.

The emptiness of mere political fame is forcibly illustrated by contrasting the enthusiasm manifested not quite twelve years ago, throughout the length and breadth of the land, for General Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency, and the following brief notice of a visit to his tomb, at North Bend, by the editor of the Cincinnati Non-Parol:—

On a recent visit to the tomb of Harrison, situated on one of the most beautiful sites in the western country, at North Bend, we were pained at beholding the little attention bestowed upon the ground covering the last resting place of the old hero. The lot selected, in which are deposited the remains of "Old Tippecanoe," is enclosed around the base in a circular form, with board fence, roughly white-washed. The long grass has all been trodden down, shrubbery broken, trees cut, and even the wooden door leading to the tomb has been defaced and mutilated, while the rough bricks on each side of the mound have been ploughed up, as though the hogs had been rooting there.

The tomb, and all the once beautiful and ennobling scenery, have lost all their interest, and a visit to the spot is now anything but pleasant. Thus expressing ourselves, we only echo the general feeling of all who have visited the burial place this spring.

Awful Disclosure.

One of the Poles, who has been convicted of the murder of young Leman, at Philadelphia, and sentenced to death, made some startling developments before Mayor Gilpin on Tuesday. He acknowledges killing the boy, and also that he and two others had killed a farmer and his family, consisting of six persons, near Newark, Del., and afterwards set fire to the premises. He also confessed to a murder near Baltimore, and said they had murdered near eighty persons and burned thirty houses since their arrival in this country. The plunder, he says, to the amount of near \$4,000, is buried in the mountains, and under the charge of one who is still at large. This confession is of deep interest. The family alluded to in Delaware, is, beyond doubt, the Caskin family, whose sad fate excited such deep interest, and for whose murder three men, Murphy, Taylor, and Shelton, were hung, and died protesting their innocence. If the confession is true, that tragedy will be clothed with the additional horror of executing three innocent men! There is something awful in such a thought!

A Heavy Morning's Labor.—The Grand Jury of Philadelphia, on Monday morning, acted upon and returned to the Court, the large number of one hundred and eight bills of indictment. About ninety of these bills were for selling liquor without license.

Genin, the great New York battery, on the hottest day last week, gave away one thousand palm-leaf fans, costing probably \$500. But this is the way he makes his fortune!

Whig Ratification Meetings at the West.

LOUISVILLE, June 28.—The ratification meeting held at Memphis, Tenn., on Saturday night, was the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in that city. The Tennessee papers say that the enthusiasm manifested for Harrison in 1840, was not equal to that now evinced in favor of Gen. Scott.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—The Scott ratification meeting held last night was very enthusiastic, and Sixth street market space was thronged by upwards of 8,000 persons. Senator Morehead, Samuel Galloway, and several other distinguished speakers addressed the meeting. The Gazette building was illuminated, guns were firing, and music was the order of the evening.

Drutful Explosion and Loss of Life.—About two o'clock Friday afternoon a dreadful explosion occurred at Jersey City by the bursting of the boiler of the Eagle Mills. The cause is not ascertained. The boiler was blown through the top of the building and over the tops of the houses and landed two streets distant. The ball from the safety valve was thrown into the air and landed on the top of the freight house at the depot, a distance of some four hundred yards. Ten men have been taken out of the ruins seriously mutilated. The windows were entirely demolished in all the buildings in the neighborhood.

Cholera in Missouri.—The cholera has been raging with great violence at Jackson, Mo. The town had been almost entirely deserted, and on the 20th ult. there were not enough of persons remaining to bury the dead. On the 21st ult. there were twelve bodies remaining unburied. Among the victims were Col. Russell, J. W. Limbaugh, editor of the Democrat, and Mr. Harris, his foreman.

The Famine in Germany.—The famine in the mountain districts of Southern Germany is yet unabated, and provisions scarce and prices exorbitant. A letter to the New York Express, dated Prague, June 3, says:—

Families formerly in easy circumstances are reduced to beggary and to severe sufferings from hunger. Bakers sell bread of rye and oats bran at high prices; people gather common grass along the public roads and highways, and moss in the woods, cook and eat it to appease their hunger and prevent starvation. Such are a few of the many glaring features of the great famine, not in the least exaggerated, but authenticated by the official reports of the local authorities to their respective Governments. Truly, the wrath of God is upon us!

Disorder and Crime in the Australian Gold Regions.—From Australia, the news, via California, though no later, is very full and interesting. It shows that disorder, crime, murder, and consequently Lynch law are as rampant in the gold regions there as in our own California, and that the "curse of gold" is the same everywhere.

The arrivals at Melbourne show a considerable influx of population. Crime seems sadly on the increase, and the whole state of society there greatly disorganized. The miners are suffering with sore eyes, and a horrible state of society prevailed in some places. Murders and robberies were of frequent occurrence. At Frya's creek a correspondent says quarrels, dissensions, bloodshed and danger of the direst description reigned supreme.

The Government is pained, whilst the ill-doers run on in a career of unchecked crime and rapine, or at the most is checked by an occasional pistol shot, or similar act of summary justice, responded to by a groan, and the effect manifested next morning by blood stains, when a few observations are bandied about from tent to tent that a man was shot, and no more is heard of the matter. A surgeon is called in to attend a wounded man, no questions are asked, the fee is paid, and if the man die, he is disposed of.

So rampant was crime in Victoria that the people resorted to Lynch law, and several executions had taken place.

A Race that was a Race.—We find in the Los Angeles Star, a long race, nothing short of nine miles, which was run between the Sydney mare, Black Swan, and the California horse, Sarcos, for a stake of \$2,000 cash, and a thousand head of cattle. The Star states that at least \$50,000 changed hands on the result of this race, which was won by the mare by seventy-five yards. She ran the nine miles in nineteen minutes and twenty seconds.

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